

LAST OF THE MORO PIRATE CHIEFS

JIKIRI AND HIS OUTLAWS, LATELY ANNIHILATED BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS, WERE THE TERRORS OF SULU AND NORTH BORNEO—THE BAND WAS CORNERED IN THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO

JOLO, P. I., Dec. 4.—Every Moro is a heart a pirate, says the New York Evening Post. There is no sense of crime attached to it in his mind. In the same spirit that Drake looted the seas and sacked the treasure ships of Spain, these Mohammedan pirates would sweep the Sulu archipelago, and take all that wind and tide delivered into their hands.

Moro piracy took its rise in the last part of the sixteenth century, when a fleet of fifty native boats ravaged the coasts of Cebu, Negros and Panay. The Spaniards replied by sending a force to Jolo, but only encouraged organized piracy by their inability to punish the rascals. For nearly 300 years from that date the Sulu archipelago sent out pirate hordes, who spread red death and ruin among the southern islands, sacking churches, killing priests and carrying men and women away for ransom or for slavery.

The Zamboanga fort was built with the purpose of checking these raids and later Jolo was captured with the same purpose in view. Both these places were subsequently abandoned. The Spaniards were unable to hold them. From their haunts in the bays and rivers along the coasts, the Moros, in small parties or in organized bands, would creep out in their catamarans, sometimes sailing far down the Borneo coast or

Where Death Lurks.

From where I sit writing I see a pearly fleet at anchor in Jolo bay. When they sail they will move out in company. They represent different interests, each group is jealous of the other, all are the best and biggest pearls, yet for reasons of self-protection they are forced to keep each other company. Chiamen will take great risks in order to trade, but here they never go out alone. Even today death lurks for the lonely traveler away from the deck of a steamship or out beyond

the town's walls. None but Moros and Mohammedans are safe, and even they may meet with outlaws.

In July a Moro named Jikiri, who has been called "Malay pirates," was killed by American troops on the island of Patian. For nearly two years this man and his band of outlaws harassed the coasts of Sulu and North Borneo, more than one hundred deaths being laid to their account. In these days of enlightenment it seems hardly credible that cutthroats and outlaws could for so long successfully defy the allied military and naval forces of America.

For the past year gunboats had patrolled coasts and islands, and soldiers had searched hills and forests, all to no avail. Now and again odd members of the band were killed or captured, but Jikiri, and Jannan, his chief associate in crime, continued their campaign of lust and murder, their fame attracting to their side the most lawless among the Moro people.

Sulu archipelago is a series of small volcanic islands, islets, and coral reefs—from the Peninsula of Zamboanga to the northeast extremity of Borneo, and separating the Sulu and Celebes Seas. The bigger islands are rich in timber, and their hills and mountains are forest-clad to the summits, the shores often being marshy and covered with mangrove trees. Other islands are low and flat, surrounded by coral reefs and sand banks in places forming lagoons, which can only be entered at high water. Hiding in these mangrove creeks, sailing with their light craft in shallow where gunboats could not follow, fleeing into the jungle-covered hills when pursued by troops, it was easy for pirates to elude the soldiers and sailors.

Chinaman Unafraid.

The first I heard of Jikiri was in the month of May, on returning by way of the Booleangan river from an expedition in Central Borneo. I had reached the northeast coast, and sought to secure a native boat to British North Borneo. No, however, would take me, for Jikiri had been seen in the district, and they were afraid to venture out. At last I found a Chinaman who wanted to make the journey. My pistol and white skin seemed to give him a sense of security, so with his help we hired a Malay "prau" and set sail with four natives, who entertained me en route with exaggerated stories of the pirate's prowess and grew some forebodings of what he would do if he caught us. The journey ended without mishap, though fresh stories of Jikiri greeted us on arrival.

There was no British soldiers in North Borneo; an efficient but small force of constabulary kept the peace and patrol the country. The few white men scattered along the coast I found armed and in a state of preparedness. During my stay in Sandakan, the British headquarters, American gunboats and coast-guard cutters were constantly coming and going, and I saw General Sandholts, chief of the Philippine constabulary, pay an official visit to the governor. By an arrangement entered into between the two governments, American gunboats patrolled the British Borneo coast and the constabulary of the two countries worked in co-operation.

Crossing the straits I reached Jolo early in June, and found that waited town a scene of great activity. Men and guns were coming and going, and almost daily, and rumors of Jikiri filled the air. On the second day of my arrival I went outside the walls to see the body of one of the pirate crew, who had been killed in a fight with friendly Moros. Two days later I stood on the wharf while seven more were brought in as prisoners by one of the gunboats, among them being Jikiri's own brother.

At Zamboanga, on July 4, came news of the pirate's death. I sat among the crowd gathered to celebrate Independence day, and just before the customary oration was delivered, Governor-General Forbes, visiting the district at the time, stepped forward and read the following "wireless" from Jolo:

Troops just returned from Patian. Had hard fight with outlaws at mouth of cave. Privates McConnell and Gonnard, Sixth cavalry, killed. Lieutenants Wilson and Kennedy and about twenty enlisted men and one sailor gunboat Arayat wounded. Jikiri's band all wiped out.

It was a most dramatic announcement and occasioned a feeling of general relief, tempered with sorrow as we thought of the pirates who had been paid. Details of the fight received later show that Jikiri and seven of his followers were hiding near Maibun, the residence of the sultan of Sulu, on the south coast of the island of Patian. When this information came to hand on June 30, Captain Byram, with two troops of Sixth cavalry, started in pursuit. Getting word of their coming, the outlaws escaped to the island of Patian, a small horseshoe-shaped reef, situated about ten miles south of Maibun. Troops followed in the gunboat Arayat, and Jikiri was run to ground at last and discovered in a cave located in the crater of an extinct volcano.

Fight in the Crater.

Owing to its peculiar formation, the cave made an admirable stronghold, thick bushes covering the outer slopes and inner walls of the crater. Below the lip of the crater cup the entrance sloped downwards, and to shoot at the desperate pirates necessitated climbing down the opposite walls exposed all the time to a terrific rifle fire.

Several women were with the outlaws, and they were offered an opportunity to leave. All but two took advantage of the offer, these saying they preferred to stay with the men and share their fate. A mountain gun and a section of artillery were taken to the island, and as the gun was lowered into the crater the men were subjected to a close fire. Privates McConnell and Gonnard were shot dead, and Sergeant Johnson of the artillery received wounds from which he succumbed.

Despite the heavy shell fire, the Moros, being so well covered, suffered practically no damage. On the morning of the fourth of July, the troops advanced to within few yards of the cave's mouth, climbing up rocks and ledges, through thickets and thorn, all the time in the face of a storm of bullets. They were about to rush the defenders when the latter, having used their ammunition, took to initiative and literally threw themselves down the slope on the troops. The eight men and two women (the latter dressed like men, one having a baby bound to her body) had thrown away their rifles and were armed with the terrible barongs and kris.

Partly hidden by the cloud of smoke and dust, the pirates swept down upon the troops like a flash, cutting and slashing right and left. Lieutenants Wilson and Kennedy were among the first wounded. The former was kneeling and firing into the cave when Jikiri sprang upon him, caught him by the hair, and struck him in the back with his kris. Wilson would have been decapitated had not Lieutenant Bater, Sixth cavalry, who was armed with a

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Winchester pump gun, rushed forward and shot off the top of Jikiri's head.

Soldiers and pirates were so mixed that it was impossible for the men to use their rifles effectively and before the desperadoes could be dispatched many soldiers were injured for life. One man was blinded, and Corporal Hauser of the Sixth cavalry lost his arm and died in hospital from the shock.

Jikiri's mother, a tall, fine looking Moro woman, visited the district governor at Jolo after the fight, to arrange about the pirate's children. She told the colonel that her son had been a steady, industrious boy, a kind father and a good husband until he took to his brief career of crime. Asked how he began such a life, she said that three Moros had come to him and said they had killed a Chinaman, and would tend to wage war upon these people thereafter. They asked Jikiri to join them and offered to make him their leader. They swore to him one hundred people, and if a true list of the victims of this piratical contract could be tabulated the number would probably exceed that figure.

Jikiri was ably assisted by another

Moro called Jannan, who was captured in the spring of this year by Captain Anderson, Sixth cavalry. Jannan promised to guide the captain to Jikiri. On the way, during a halt, he managed to escape the vigilant eyes of his captors, and, seizing a barrow from a native guard, he took a flying leap at First Sergeant Brodwick, who was opening a coconuts, bringing down the weapon on the unfortunate man, who was killed outright. He then rushed at Captain Anderson and would probably have killed him had not some of the surprised troops opened fire and dispatched him.

Among Jikiri's victims were Wolf and Corneil traders on Tawi Tawi Island who were surprised by the pirates and killed after a desperate fight, the wife of one being taken away captive. The impudence of the pirate surpasses belief, and among the many venturesome acts by which he dared the Americans was his wedding feast at Parang, a settlement a few miles southwest of the American headquarters in Jolo. Here he added to his wives the widow of a trader he had killed, and feasted for three days, right under the noses of the troops—so to speak.

What others say

Mrs. Angie F. Newman, whose reputation as an author is international and whose knowledge of Mormonism and of Mormon history and policies is not surpassed by any other student of that now national problem, in a letter to the author of "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MORMONISM," gives the following highly-appreciated endorsement of the work:

"With unqualified pleasure I have read every line of 'LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MORMONISM'—pleasure that so high an order of talent has been enlisted in a theme so evasive, so illusive, so treacherous, and withal so world-wide in its scope. You have wrought for the ages, for truth, for liberty. You have also treated the subject from a standpoint untouched by others, and have left the pages unmarred by bitterness."

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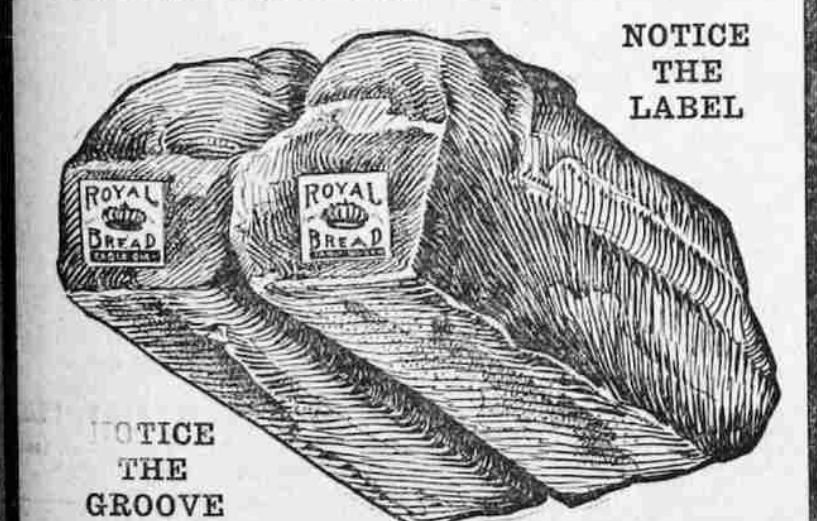
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